front, I in the rear, my face splashed with clay and hidden behind the barrel. He agreed to help me.

My companions shaved my beard and mustache to make me look like a bricklayer's apprentice. Artem converted a bed sheet into a bricklayer's apron and showed me how to carry trade tools in its pockets.

Next morning, in full disguise, I went to see our bricklayer. The man was jittery.

"Forgive me, for God's sake," he said. "I have a family and am not as good a man as Fedor. Go alone, and Christ help you!"

"How will I pass the gate alone?"

"Take a pail and just go to fetch some lime for me. With the Lord's help, you will pass. The guards are just fools. . . . When you tell them, 'Let one through for lime,' they let one through."

Artem made a paper cap for me such as bricklayers use at work, emptied a bucket of clay mixed with water over my head and shoulders, and plastered my face, hands, and boots. We waited until noon. When the bell rang for distribution of food to the prisoners, I took the pail and stepped to the grille leading from the ward to the platform. The bricklayer yelled to the guard, "Let one through for lime! Hurry, no time to waste."

The guard opened the grating, let me through, and closed it behind me. He was ready to open the gate leading from the platform to the stairs when a prisoner at the grating of the opposite ward shouted to him, "That guy is a political! Watch, he will escape."

The guard turned toward me, ready to grab my arm. I put the pail down and said to the roaring knave, "Making fools of working people, eh? Do I work for your amusement? Does he carry his keys for your fun?" Then, turning to the guard, I added, "Pay no attention. These riffraff know no better."

He opened the gate and shouted to the guard on the lower platform, "Let one through for lime! Hurry!"

I went down the stairs, grumbling, "Once riffraff, always riffraff."

In the courtyard I went to the lime pit, filled my pail, rearranged and shortened my apron, and went straight under the gate to freedom.

From the police station I walked to the quay of the Neva, took a ferry to the other side, and walked to the nearest public works office. There I changed to less conspicuous work clothes. A few cautious telephone calls turned up an apartment where I could await further events safely.